

## Spring Time by flippyspoon

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**Summary:**

For Lissie!

## Spring Time

It was hard for Steve not to notice the way Billy had started hanging out in the town square.

For one thing, Billy hadn't been hanging out anywhere. All winter, he'd hardly left his house.

Now it was spring. The ice had thawed and so, apparently, had Billy.

It was a warm Tuesday afternoon and Steve was walking from Family Video to Melvald's to pick up a pack of Whoppers to bring to Billy. It was a routine they'd had going over the winter when they'd started hanging out. Steve would bring some type of candy and a movie or they'd watch whatever was on TV. At first, Billy barely spoke. Steve did all the talking. But gradually, Billy had opened up.

There was a little park island in the middle of town, a measure by the new mayor to brighten things up after so much darkness in Hawkins. There was a gazebo and a duck pond and a few benches. Steve spotted Billy sitting on one of the benches facing the duck pond. His head lay back, his eyes were shut. He stretched his arms out, his ankles crossed in front of him. He wore a red T-shirt and jeans. He looked more relaxed than Steve had ever seen him. There was a peaceful little smile on his face.

Steve turned on his heel and smiled to himself as he headed toward Billy instead of Melvald's. Then he found himself slowing and the world around him slowed and he felt a little bit lightheaded.

He'd felt this way before around Billy, but now that fanciful giddy feeling intensified.

Steve swallowed and his palms felt clammy. Absently, he wiped his palms on his jeans and made himself walk up to Billy and sit down on the bench.

Billy sat up with a start and his eyes popped open.

"Oh! Hey, Harrington." Billy tossed him a nod.

"You're out here again," Steve said, and his cheeks flushed. It felt like a stupid thing to say. "I mean, not that you shouldn't be. You can be out. I'm *glad* you're out. Ya know. Getting some air. Some uh...sunshine."

He shut his mouth and had to look away.

Billy was still smiling.

"I thought I hated Hawkins," Billy said, as if Steve had not been babbling. "It's not so bad in spring. Check out the ducks." He nodded in the direction of the duck pond and Steve followed his gaze.

The pond had a little white picket fence around it to prevent the ducks from escaping and wandering into the road. There were four of them, including two little babies flapping around and splashing and quacking up a storm.

"Sometimes I feed em'," Billy said. "Think they dig me."

He winked at Steve, who managed to contain his sigh.

"I was just buying you candy." Steve pointed at Melvald's.

"Yeah?" Billy grinned. His gaze flitted over Steve's face.

"Whoppers," Steve murmured.

He felt a wonderful and terrible heat start down in his toes and creep up his legs. It swept over his whole body.

*Oh my God. It's happening.*

He didn't know how he knew, except that Billy's gaze was fixed on him now in a particular way.

"I like it when you bring me...*candy*."

Billy said it just the same way he used to say dirty things to girls at school, which Steve now knew had all been an act.

This was different.

Steve licked his lips. "Oh. Yeah? What's your favorite anyway?"

"Whatever it is you're bringin' me," Billy said immediately.

"Oh."

Billy glanced around the town square, but nobody was looking at them.

He very deliberately scooted closer to Steve and every so casually wrapped an arm around Steve's shoulders. Steve looked down at his own hand where it rested on his knee and watched it slowly move between them. He twisted his finger up in the hem of Billy's shirt, fidgeting.

"Guess it's not just me then," Billy said. He bit his lip and his eyes danced.

Steve felt as if his reply might dictate the rest of his life.

He flashed on an image of himself going out to the junkyard to fight demodogs, choosing to go back inside the Byers' house to help Jonathan and Nancy, grinning up at threatening Soviets...

"It's not just you." His voice cracked, but he said it. "I...I like you. Too. If that's like... If that's what you mean."

Billy leaned over and Steve's eyes fluttered shut when he felt lips brushing his ear.

"If we were alone right now, pretty boy..."

"What would you do?" Steve said.

"Don't worry. You'll find out."

"God..." He swallowed again. Maybe it was good they didn't have the nerve to kiss in the town square. His mouth felt horribly dry. Every drop of blood was rushing down to his dick. "What's gotten into you, Billy? I'm *glad*. I'm just...wow. You've been so... So I didn't know if... you know. If you also..."

Billy giggled in a genuine way that meant he was truly delighted. He often laughed that way when Steve handed over candy or they were watching a movie together or if Steve said something funny.

“Spring time,” Billy whispered, and the ghost of a kiss touched Steve’s neck.